

During the late American war, one of the forts was attacked by the Southern army, and after fearful sufferings the besieged were about to surrender, when the approach of General Sherman was described in the distance. Cheered by the signal, "Hold on! I am coming," their falling strength was recruited, and soon they joined in the shout of "Victory!"

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
Chorus—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jensu signala still,
Wave the answer back to heaven—
"By thy grace, we will."

See the mighty hosts advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.
Chorus—"Hold the fort," &c.
See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
Chorus—"Hold the fort," &c.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander;
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
Chorus—"Hold the fort," &c.

THE TELL-TALE KEY.

"Murder! murder!" screamed a young girl of about eighteen, as she was running, shortly before daybreak, on the 12th of May, 1851, through the streets of Cumberland, Maryland.

A number of persons, attracted by her cries, rushed from their houses, and soon she was surrounded by a crowd, one of whom said to her as she wrung her hands and cried piteously:

"What is the matter, Bessie Sheets?"

"My grandmother has been murdered!" she replied, panting and sobbing.

"When, and by whom?" asked the crowd.

"Only fifteen minutes ago," replied the girl. "Thieves had broken into the back room. My grandmother slept in the front room and I in the attic. Half an hour ago I was awakened by a noise down stairs. I listened in terror for a few minutes. Then I heard a door opened; several shots were fired, a loud scream resounded, a heavy fall on the floor. I rushed down stairs; the door between the front and the back room was open, and on the floor lay my poor grandmother, with a frightful wound in the forehead—she was dead!"

The crowd, headed by the girl, then hurried to the scene of the horrible murder. They found the corpse of the old lady, Mrs. Louisa Crowley, as her granddaughter had described. Two bullets had struck her forehead. A part of the skull had been torn off. Death must have been almost instantaneous. While Bessie Sheets was bending over the corpse, moaning and wailing, the citizens who had entered with her examined the condition of the premises. It was easy to see that the burglars had broken into the house for plunder. The windows in the back room, opening upon the garden, had been broken. Undoubtedly the burglars had entered the house in that way.

The drawers of the old lady's bureau in the back room had been opened. Wearing apparel, taken from them, had been scattered all over the floor, and a tin-box, in which Mrs. Crowley had kept a considerable sum of money in bank bills, stood open and empty.

It had meanwhile become daylight, and the sheriff and the coroner made their appearance. After examining the condition of the premises thoroughly, the coroner impanelled a jury and began the inquest. Bessie Sheets was the only witness. She repeated her statement as above related. Her grief as she related the painful circumstances became at times uncontrollable. No wonder; the poor girl now stood alone in the world. Her murdered grandmother had been her last surviving relative.

"Did your grandmother have any enemies?" asked the coroner.

"None that I know of," replied the distressed girl; "but—hold on—I remember that she had a quarrel day before yesterday with William Stafford, the plasterer. Stafford had an old account against grandmother, who refused to pay it, because she said his bill was exorbitant. Day before yesterday he called again, and demanded payment. Grandmother told him she would give him the money if he would deduct two dollars from his bill. He refused to do so, and became very abusive. Mrs. Crowley, he said to her, 'I know you are well off, and you can pay me. I am poor. My bill is correct, and I won't take a cent less than the full amount. If you don't pay me I will get the money in a way that won't please you. You are a mean woman, and if you were a man I would break your neck.' So saying, he left."

"Now, Miss Sheets," said the coroner, "you know this empty tin box?"

"Yes; grandmother kept her money in it."

"Did you know how much she had in it?"

"About thirteen hundred dollars, mostly in ten-dollar bills."

"Would you recognize any of the bills if you should see them?"

"Most assuredly," replied Bessie. "Grandmother made me put a cross on the back of each bill, in the left corner, before she put them in the box."

An order of the arrest of William Stafford, the plasterer, was issued. Stafford was known as a man of violent passions. Rumors that he had been guilty of a murder in Wheeling, where he had formerly lived, were current in Cumberland, and so people in general shunned him. He lived with his wife and two children in a small frame building on the outskirts of the town.

When the officer whom the coroner had sent after Stafford knocked, at the latter's door, he found Stafford still in bed.

"The coroner want you," said the officer as he jumped out of bed.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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"What for?" demanded Stafford.

"Old Mrs. Crowley was murdered two hours ago."

"They don't suspect me?" interrupted Stafford.

"Come along," said the officer.

Upon appearing before the coroner's jury, Stafford declared emphatically that he did not know anything about the burglary and murder.

"Where were you last night and this morning?" asked the coroner of him.

"I was out in the woods shooting squirrels," he replied. "I did not come home until four o'clock this morning."

The coroner then asked the jury to accompany him to the garden in front of the back-room window. There were fresh footprints under the window. One of Stafford's boots was pulled off; it fitted the footprints precisely. Then the prisoner was searched. In his pocket-book were found three ten-dollar bills. On the back of each of the bills, in the left corner, was found a cross. They were shown to Bessie Sheets, who immediately identified them as having belonged to her grandmother.

"Of course they did," cried Stafford, upon hearing this; "but the old lady gave me them yesterday morning in payment of my bill. I called at her house and told her that I would consent to a deduction of ten dollars on my bill, which was forty dollars. She took these three ten-dollar bills from a tin box in her bureau and gave them to me—"

"Did you give her a receipt?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir; she put it into the tin box."

The tin box was empty. The coroner briefly charged the jury, which found a verdict against Stafford, who was committed to jail. After he had been taken to his cell, the coroner found hanging to the broken shutter of the back-room window a large, peculiar-looking watch-key, with a piece of black string attached to it. He went to the jail and showed it to Stafford; but the latter said he did not know it. He was too poor to have a watch.

He added:

"Mr. Coroner, this is dreadful for me. I am innocent, as God is my witness. What is to become of my poor wife and children? Oh, they will starve to death!"

The prisoner buried his head in his hands and cried bitterly.

The grand jury happened to be in session and promptly indicted Stafford for murder in the first degree. Public opinion believed that he was guilty, and even threats to lynch him were uttered. Only his wife stoutly maintained his innocence. She ran to the principal citizens of Cumberland, imploring them to intercede for her husband, whose guiltlessness she frantically protested. But everybody treated her with undisguised coldness.

Stafford himself, on hearing that the grand jury had indicted him for murder, gave way to despair. On the morning of the fourth day of his incarceration he was found hanging to the door of his cell. He had committed suicide.

Everybody in Cumberland took this act of desperation as a confession of guilt. Not so the bereaved wife of the prisoner. Repressing her grief, she went on the day after the funeral of her ill-fated husband, to the coroner, to whom she said:

"Did you not find at Mrs. Crowley's house, hanging to the window shutter, a piece of black string with a watch-key hanging to it?"

The coroner showed it to her, and at her urgent request let her have it.

"What do you want it for?" he asked.

"I want to prove, with God's help, that my poor William is innocent of the terrible charge that made him take his own life."

The next few days Mrs. Stafford spent in going to every man in Cumberland that had a watch, and asked them to try the watch-key the coroner had let her have. They gladly humored her, but, strangely enough, the key was too large for any of the watches worn in Cumberland. The only watchmaker in the place told her that it must be the key one of the large, heavy old English watches worn many years ago.

The widow did not despair notwithstanding her fruitless search in Cumberland. Close to it is the village of Crawfordston. There she found also a watchmaker. When she showed the watch-key to him, he uttered a cry of surprise.

"I know whose key this is," he said. "It belongs to this watch." He took down a thick, old silver watch.

"Look here," he said, unrolling a piece of black string which had been wound round the stem. "This string was torn—the piece to which your watch-key is tied, belongs to it."

"But how did you get the watch?" asked Mrs. Stafford.

"It belongs to a young fellow from Wheeling. He left the watch with me for repairs, and to make him a new key to it. He said he had lost the old one, and he could not buy one at the stores, as they had none large enough. He will be here to-morrow morning between nine and ten o'clock."

Mrs. Stafford hurried back to Cumberland, where she informed the coroner of her discovery at Crawfordston. Next day the coroner and an officer arrested the owner of the silver watch as soon as he entered the watchmaker's shop at

Crawfordston.

"Do you know this watch-key?" said the coroner to him.

The young man turned very pale, and stammered a few incoherent words. He was searched, and in his pocket was found a large sum in ten dollar bills, bearing Bessie Sheets' marks! Also a revolver, two of whose chambers were empty.

The prisoner, who gave his name as Bernard Floyd, was taken in irons to Cumberland. The bullets found in Mrs. Crowley's skull were found to fit the prisoner's revolver. His shoe soles were of the same size as those of the unfortunate Stafford.

So the latter was innocent after all. Floyd confessed his crime, and was hung for it on the 2d of November, 1851.

Mrs. Stafford became an object of universal sympathy in Cumberland. The citizens brought her a farm in the neighborhood, and saw to it that her two children were properly educated.

His Experience.

"No, sir, I never regretted marrying Mollie here. She's been the making of me. I was an idle dog when I met her, and thought of nothing but spending my money at the saloons as fast as I earned it. She was only a poor seamstress, that was industrious, honest and frugal in her habits, for she'd had a hard row to hoe, poor girl! Well, for her sake I grew careful and saving, and soon had a little money in the bank. Finally we were married, and after furnishing two rooms, had just a hundred dollars left. It was not much, but it was our own. That was fourteen months back. Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floor of two rooms, nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy; no fear of future fault-finding or selfishness in it. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved besides these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year till next spring. We go to church regularly, and attend concerts and lectures and amusements when the price is not too high. Sometimes prices are so high we cannot afford to go. Then we stay at home, read to each other, have visitors, or go out a little while to visit a few friends close by. I haven't been in a saloon since I was married, sir, and shall never enter one again. I had rather these books, pictures, carpets, and that organ should be in our house than in the house of the man who makes his saloon attractive so as to entice men there to spend their earnings. We find that this life is as we make it. We are helping each other, and the more we do for each other the better we love each other, and my wife is leading me to heaven. And from the bottom of my heart I wish that all young men who are now traveling the road I traveled two years ago would follow my example, for, sir, they'd never regret it."

Odé to Autumn

AFTER TENNYSON A LONG WAY.

The grasshopper creaks in the leary gloom; And the bumble bee bumbleth the live long day. But where have they gone with the bran new broom, And what has been done to the buzz-saw's play?

Oh, it's little he thinks of the cold mince pie, And it's little he seeks of the raw ice cream; For the dying year with its tremulous sigh, Shall waken the lingering loon from his dream.

Oh list! For the cricket, now far and near, Shrilly singeth his roundelay; And the negligent noodle his noisy cheer, And where the doodlebug eats the hay.

Oh, the buzz-saw so busily buzzes the stick, And bumbleth the bumble bee bumbleth his tune; while the cricket cricks crickingly down at the creek, And the noodle calls noisily out "it is noon."

The dog fennel sighs, "She is here! she is here!" and the smart weed sighs dreamily "Give us a rest!" The hop vine speaks tenderly "Give us a beer," And the jimson weed hollers, "Oh, pull down your vest!"

"Oh, Anna Maria, why don't you come home? For the clock in the steeple strikes tw—Ow! Ow! Help! Fire! Police!! Murder! Murder-r-r!!! Murder-r-r!!!"

The interruption in the last stanza was caused by the entrance of the Chief, who came in and after reading the above poem, so far as it went, over the writer's shoulder, stooped down and pulled off one of the stove legs and began a most terrific assault upon the poet. The writer adds these few lines to say that hereafter when he writes poetry it will be after the paper has gone to press, and those people about the office have no appreciation of Tennysonian metre and spirit have gone home. It is our proud ambition to educate the American people up to a thorough appreciation of the grandest style of metrical literature that has ever been brought forth, but woelessly aver that we do not propose to impart this education at the expense of being made a walking bulletin board of stove leg photographs. We feel all stove up now, from our recent impressions. And we are not speaking ironically either.

A Wonderful Tornado.

There were a dozen or more of them seated in front of the colored St. Charles, and they were talking about tornadoes. "De worstest tornady I ever did see," remarked an old negro, "war sixteen years ago, in Alabama."

"Did she blow much?" inquired another.

"Blow much! shoo! niggers! but dat was no deck passenger, dat tornady! Why, sah, it jist lifts me right up to remember it!"

"Everything went kitin', eh?"

"Kitin'! Bless you! you poor, ignorant nigger, but I seed a mule lifted up like a feller, an' how fur d'ye s'pose it blode him! Jist gin a guess."

"One mile?"

"Free miles?"

"Across de ribber?"

"Into a tree?"

Each one in the crowd made a guess, and when all were through, the hoary-headed old man repeated:

"Niggers, you is all wrong. Dat tornady cum fur dat mule, an' howled around an' got under him, an' lifted him up, an' he was blode jist exactly four inches by de watch; sure's you live!"

There was a painful pause, and then the crowd rapidly thinned out, while the old man remarked:

"Four inches by de watch, an' I'll stick to that statement if I die fur it.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

The Toothache.

A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who said he would not detain me but one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How? how?" inquired I; "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Betty, have you any alum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, crusting the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible."

It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

YOU WILL BE WANTED.—Take courage, my lad. What if you are but a humble, obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scold and a by-word for the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags because of its tatters? Have you an intelligent mind, untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, an honest heart? Depend upon it, some of these days you will be wanted. The time may be long deferred—you may be grown to manhood, and you may even reach your prime ere the call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires and honest hearts are too few not to be appreciated—not to be wanted. Your virtue shall not always hide you as in a mantle—obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be active, however small your sphere of action. It surely will enlarge with every moment, and you will have continued increment.

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.—Swallows easily fly a mile in a minute, or sixty miles an hour. They go at this rate at least ten hours a day. They can, therefore, travel six hundred miles in a day, or four thousand miles in a week. Some birds of passage have been known to travel from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles an hour. I have often wondered how the plucky little swallows manage to do the work of a single day in the busiest part of the summer. Think of the labor of catching insects enough to feed themselves and six or eight hearty and hungry young ones. The toil and labor of one single swallow in the length of a Summer is more in proportion to its size than many great hulking idle men do in a life-time. They try to do a great deal; and I suppose that is the reason why they do so much. They teach us the value of effort.—*Little Folks.*

Of a recent English law-lord of high place and low morals this story is told: Addressing his son and heir—a known black sheep—he said: "It pains me to think that when I am dead my fortune will go to the greatest scamp in England." "Yes, father," said the dutiful and appreciative son, "when you are dead."

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

"Little Nell's" Death.

In a recently published letter by Charles Dickens, the great novelist expresses himself as opposed to tragic climaxes in fiction; and this expression elicits from the London Daily News the following sound comments: It is to be feared his remarks will lead the public to believe that the writer of a story can do just as he pleases with his characters, plunging them into inter misery at the end of the three volumes, or winding up on the "marry and live happy ever after" principle, just as the caprice of the moment may dictate. Well, this may be true of the manufacturers of mechanical fiction—and it must be remembered that Mr. Dickens was tendering advice to a mere aspirant or amateur, not to a master of the craft—but it is assuredly not true of great writers of fiction, like Mr. Dickens himself. Unless the characters in a work of fiction grow in reality in the mind of the man who is going to write about them to such a degree that they take their destiny altogether out of his hands, and live their life in their own fashion, they will remain mere puppets to be pulled with a string. Oddly enough we can appeal for confirmation of this theory to Mr. Dickens' own experience. Did he not at one time receive, not only from all parts of England, but from all parts of the world, letters begging and imploring him not to let Little Nell die! How easy it must have seemed to those people for the great writer to save the child from destruction, and send joy to thousands on thousands of house holds that were already fearing the end! Dickens knew of this vast amount of pleasure he could give; and knew of the keen pain he must himself experience in describing her death; but the true instinct of the artist overmastered all other considerations. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not have enabled him to twist aside the inevitable doom.

A Patient Elephant.

"Tell my children," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The Dr. said that he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath, just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"—*Life of Bishop Wilson.*

There are probably few men in the South to-day who are not convinced that the abolition of slavery was blessing to the slaveholder. Mr. George W. Adair, of Atlanta, puts the whole question in a nutshell in this statement: "Before the war I kept four negroes on my lot—'Wash,' a man-of-all-work, valued at \$1,500; Sarah, a No. 1 cook, \$1,400; Harriet, a house girl, \$1,200; and Nancy, a nurse, \$900. The legal interest (7 per cent.) on the value of these slaves, was \$350 per annum, and I had to feed, clothe, pay doctors' bills, etc. Now I have the same service performed at \$300 per annum. I feed these hired servants, but furnish no cloth, nor pay doctors' bills, and get the same service per month for less money than when I owned slaves, and if they die I lose nothing. Now, when I acquire my capital, I can put it in other property, instead of locking it up in slaves. This, I think, illustrates the whole question. The land owner can avail himself of negro labor to-day at less cost than when he had to pay for the slave and take care of him. This labor cannot be controlled so absolutely as slave labor, and more or less irregularities grow out of it; still it is available and susceptible of being used to great profit by the land owner. Planters who owned slaves, who now remain upon their land, and give personal attention to the crops, can make more clear money from the soil than under the old system. The South is becoming every year more familiar with free labor, and understands better how to manage it. She is becoming more self-reliant and self-sustaining."

A good sort of a man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play it."

What makes a girl feel down in the mouth? Why, kissing a sophomore.

A Chicago paper heads its local notes "Hash."

Needles.

Needles are more easily made than pins, or rather there is less machinery and it is more easily understood. The wire is cut double the length required and sharpened at each end. Then it passes under a stamping machine which flattens the center and stamps a place for the two eyes, the next operation being to pierce the eyes. This is a comparatively slow operation, as the eyes are pierced singly, and care must taken to put the right spot under the instrument.

They are then strung on wires, and the waste filled off around the eyes by hand, and the two needles broken apart. After this they are hardened by heating in ovens, and then being dipped in oil, yet this hardening process leaving them too brittle, they are again annealed, which operation is supposed to leave them just right. At this period they are very black; they are rolled loosely in canvas wrappings with emery and soft soap, placed under rollers worked by steam, and rolled for a week, usually having the emery and soap renewed daily.

Again they are polished by being rubbed against a leather wheel with emery, and then they are straightened. The straightener rolls them singly with one finger on a smooth steel plate, thus discerning the slightest bend, and hitting with a little steel mallet. It is done very rapidly, but very surely. The different sizes are supposed to have been kept apart, yet in sharpening there is sometimes a little variation; so to make them perfectly even in papers they are prepared, labelled and packed. One set of men will make sixty thousand per day—that is, one enter, one stamper, and so on.

Wrong Kind of a Shirt.

It was a respectable-looking colored man who brought his washing home.

"You're wife is a good washerwoman, isn't she?" said the young bachelor to the polite and obsequious man.

"Yas, sir, she commonly always gives satisfaction," replied the husband of the laundress.

"Well," resumed the young bachelor, in his blandest and most insinuating manner, "you can tell your wife that I esteem her highly as one possessing many womanly and Christian virtues—a domestic gem and household ornament, a social luminary and moral beacon, an exemplary Christian, a gentle, loving wife, a washerwoman among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; but there's one objection."

"What's dat, sah?" inquired the smiling African, who had been showing two rows of spotless ivory and a cavernous opening in the head, while his wife was being so extravagantly eulogized.

"What's dat, boss?"

"She puts all the starch in my socks, and none in my shirts; she washes or irons all the buttons off and forgets to replace them; exchanges my clothes for those of some other patron, and if you will look at this (holding up a garment), you'll see how inconvenient it would be to wear either pantaloons, cuffs or collars with such a shirt as she sends me. It may be that she cuts off the arms and collars to make the tail longer, but I can't see what the dense she should want to ruffle the edges for."

The darkey looked a little disgusted as he wrapped the garment up to take it home, but he only said: "Idee sendin' a man dat kin' o' shirt?"

Politeness in Great Men.

Politeness is always the mark of good breeding, and some of the greatest men have been noted for their courtesy. Many of them have owed the popularity that was a recognition of their greatness, in no small measure to their consideration of others. The following is related of the late Edward Everett: Many years ago, the errand boy employed by a publishing house in a great city, was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book which he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling; he stood in awe of the famous man, and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the boy with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheet, and asked: "Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President. The boy departed in a very comfortable frame of mind.

Snifkins staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night and lost. Throwing down the cards peevishly, he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "Twas ever thus in childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes take flight, and every time I played the left bower, some one took it with the right."

Mrs. Snow of Medina, N.Y., deserted her husband. Mr. Snow published the fact in the village newspaper, saying in conclusion, "Now I forbid any woman coming on my premises."

A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief, he prayed saying: "Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord I pray Thee give them back." The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gossner, his assistant, reached over to Feneberg, saying: "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained 200 thalers (about \$190), which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the vicar, and the childlike old man, in joyful amazement, cried out: "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightaway Thou makest one to feel so ashamed."

DULL BOYS.—Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, so impenetrably stupid in his early years that his father more than once said that if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

The three months of this year of which this is the last, are somewhat remarkable for the number of Sundays they include. They foot up to fourteen—quite enough, we should say, for a fourth of a year. They are distributed as follows:—August, five—1st, 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th; September, four—5th, 12th, 19th and 26th; October, five—3d, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st. It is not very common to see fifty-three Sundays in a year, but we doubt if even "the oldest inhabitant" remembers of fourteen Sundays in three months before in this region.—*Newbury Journal.*

The public need have no fear that wonders will ever cease. A new cab company is being formed in London, in which "two dukes, seventeen earls, about twenty other noblemen, about fifty members of Parliament, the Lord Mayor, and other gentlemen" are interested. Superior cabs, superior horses, stables constructed on sanitary principles, club rooms for the drivers and other servants, are to be provided, not for the benefit of stockholders, but for the comfort of the traveling public. In order to do away with extortionate charges, a percentage upon the money in for hire will be annually returned to the drivers who behave themselves and treat their horses like little angels and their passengers like so many cans of nitro-glycerine.

A CAR LOAD.—Readers of newspapers often meet with the term car load, but a few of them know just what or how much it is. The St. Louis Times has taken the trouble to learn, and says, as a general rule, 20,000 pounds, or 70 barrels of salt, 10 barrels lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whiskey, 200 sacks of flour; 6 cords of soft wood, 18 or 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 89 to 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet siding, 13,000 flooring, 40,000 of shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-fourth of green lumber, one-tenth of joists, scantling and all other large timber, 340 bushels of wheat, 500 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 500 of flaxseed, 360 of apples, 430 of Irish potatoes, 360 of Sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran.

Said a lady to a gentleman who had been too curt to please her: "Do you know what kind of a puzzle you represent?" "A diamond, perhaps," he answered, looking at the large one in his shirt. "No," she replied, "a cross stick suits you much better."

She brought him a vest and a pair of pantaloons in answer to an appeal for old clothes, for he was very ragged. She thought they would fit comfortably. He examined both garments attentively, and, throwing them down, exclaimed: "There ain't no watch pocket nor a hind pocket for a pistol."

A country girl near Utica mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hog yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly, and dreamed all night of "breach of promise trials."

A candidate for a vacant vicarage in England announces an invention of his which may prove to be useful. It is a peculiar arrangement of the pulpit, with a clock to give warning. When at the end of the half hour the clock sounds an alarm, if the preacher does not conclude within three minutes, down comes the pulpit with the parson and the rest of the appendages.

Anna Connett, a pretty girl in New Jersey, was acquitted of a charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the Judge's neck and kissed him. And now all the married lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for Judge.

What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper? Your tongue.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FRED LEWIS SELINNEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Deaf-mute Services.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to meet the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club Saturday evening, the 30th inst., and to conduct the quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 31st, at 2:30 p. m. At 7:30 p. m., in the same church, he will interpret the service as read by the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Reese, and make an address in relation to the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. The offering will be in aid of the work. On Monday evening, Nov. 1st, he expects to hold a service for deaf-mutes and their friends in Zion Church, Rome, the Rev. H. L. M. Clarke, Rector.

The Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes.

We have lately received the Eighth Annual Report of this institution for the year 1874. This institution occupies three large houses, situated at the junction of Broadway and Seventh avenue, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets, New York. It is easy of access by either the Broadway or the Seventh avenue cars, and is but a single block from either Sixth or Eighth avenue. The system of instruction pursued in this school is articulation, and we understand that favorable progress in this direction has been made during the past year—such a degree that the friends of the pupils have in many cases been highly satisfied with the results attained. The general health of the pupils has been unusually good. Indeed, during the past eight years' existence of the school, not a death has occurred among them. This shows a decidedly good health record.

Total receipts from all sources during the year, \$23,521.06; expenditures, \$25,592.73, showing an apparent deficiency of about \$2,000, which would be paid on or about January, 1875.

The Principal is assisted by ten teachers, and the number of pupils in attendance at date of the report was 52—43 girls and 49 boys. In his report the Principal recommends that the practice of holding annual exhibitions of the school at some public hall in the city be discontinued, giving the following reasons therefor:

1. Many of the parents of our afflicted pupils are inclined to hide their misfortune rather than exhibit their ill-fated children and awaken public sympathy.

2. The mutes themselves, when they are fifteen or sixteen years old, and begin to feel their affliction more than when they were little boys and girls, dislike to be brought on the stage in a public hall, to be gazed at as objects of curiosity by some, or pitied and commiserated by others. Several of our best scholars could not be made available for our last exhibition for these very reasons.

3. It is evident that an every-day school exercise, beneficial as it may be, and much as it may be appreciated by a professional teacher, will not interest a mixed audience, such as is found attending a public exhibition. The pupils must, therefore, be specially prepared for the occasion. These preparations occupy a considerable portion of precious school time which, if otherwise employed, would result in greater benefit to the children in our charge.

4. It often happens that through embarrassment, bright and proficient pupils utterly fail, and get discouraged; whereas, others knowing less, but more self-possessed, carry of the praise and become conceited and vain.

An Able Address.

Elsewhere we publish an address delivered by Mr. Moses Smith, an intelligent semi-mute, at the annual school meeting of his district the 12th inst. It is very able and forcible, better written than many a school trustee could write, and shows that the author is well read on present topics, etc. Mr. Smith

has been the sole trustee of district school No. 9, in the town of Clifton Park, N. Y., for two years, and in connection with his other business, he has taken quite an active part in politics.

Of the school election, that took place at the above meeting, the Troy Daily Times of Oct. 18th says:

The annual school meeting was held on Tuesday evening, and resulted in the election of E. S. Hubbs for trustee by a majority of four over his opponent, Z. H. Vincent. This means something more than the usual result. It means that it is a triumph over a faction who would, by a niggardly course, hinder the progress of education, by the aid of cheap, incompetent teachers, and shabby, ill-arranged school houses. The triumph is mostly due to the public spirit and enterprise of Moses Smith, a wealthy semi-mute, who was educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. Smith has been our trustee for the past two years, and in that time has, in spite of the most determined opposition, repaired and enlarged the school house, furnished it with modern folding seats and desks, and secured a thoroughly competent teacher.

Personal.

Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, an instructor in the New York Institution, was married on the 14th of October to Miss Hodine, who has for several years been teaching articulation in the Maryland Institution and in the family of Mr. Perkins, of Rochester. Mr. Westervelt has all his life been connected with the deaf and dumb, having been brought up in the Ohio Institution. Throughout this life may the happy couple ever find their pathway attended by happiness and prosperity.

New Advertisement.

In another column a deaf-mute girl advertises for a situation for herself, as the family with whom she has been living expects to go South to spend the winter, and it will not be very convenient to take her with them. Therefore she is anxious to get such a situation as is spoken of in the advertisement somewhere else as soon as possible. Any one furnishing her such a place will confer a favor upon her. Address this office.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. FRANCIS M. STAPLES, whose right arm was so badly crushed some years ago in a railroad accident, has regained the use of it, and is now doing well in the shoe-factory at Belfast, Me. He was married last spring to Miss PRUDENCE WOOSTER, a graduate of Hartford Asylum. Her intelligence, amiable disposition and many useful accomplishments render her a pleasant companion and valuable helpmate to the lucky Frank.

The information thus far received has been such as to convince us that the establishment of an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the western part of the State is not only a possibility, but a growing necessity. Already the names of about forty deaf-mutes of school age, who have never attended school, have been received.

From the Lake Shore News supplement containing the list of premiums awarded at the Wayne County Agricultural Society, held at Wolcott, Sept. 28th, 29th, and 30th we learn that Mr. Charles Pimm and his son Joshua were awarded the following premiums:

Best half bushel white Norway oats, \$2.00; second best half bushel barley, \$1.00; and best five pounds roll butter, \$1.00. We take great pleasure in recording the above success of Messrs. Pimm, not so much for the fact that they drew so many dollars by reason of the superior articles which they had on exhibition, as in the self-evident conclusion that they are striving to bring their occupation of farming to a higher standard of perfection. It shows conclusively that their hearts are in their work, and that they are able to compete successfully with their neighboring farmers. We hope many of our deaf-mute farmers will emulate the example of Messrs. Pimm, and make the very best account of their agricultural pursuits.

We expect a large increase to our subscription lists during the next few months. Every reader is requested to help increase the number.

A WINDFALL.—The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, has had bequeathed to its treasury, by the will of the late Miss MORRISON, of Peterboro, N. H., the sum of five hundred dollars, with which it would seem capable of doing good. We learn that Wm. B. SWEET, the President of the Association, is busy with some plans for the active usefulness of the Society, which held its last convention in Boston, Mass., in January, 1872. Its next meeting was to have been held in Springfield, Mass., in 1874, but was postponed to 1876, on account of the Clero Memorial Convention, at Hartford, Conn., and now the Centennial, at Philadelphia, during which it is proposed to hold a National Convention there, seems likely to postpone it till 1878. Meantime measures will be taken to increase the fund. It is proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Rev. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, (Dec. 10th,) by a gathering in Salem, Mass., the profits to go to the fund of the Gallaudet Association.

Professor A. GRAHAM BELL, now residing in Salem, Mass., and quite extensively known among teachers of deaf-mutes by his system of "Visible Speech," has been for a long time devoting his time and talents to improvements in the art of telegraphing, and promises to develop some startling things, which seem likely to surpass anything yet invented, and greatly reduce expenses, besides putting money in his pocket.

Our friends everywhere are invited to recommend the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL to their neighbors.

THOMAS SHADY, a deaf-mute, was before the city court this morning charged with drunkenness. He was very quiet in his little spree, and judgment was suspended on condition that he returned to New York where he belongs. He had a letter which proved him to be a person of respectability, and this with the fact that he had a mother to support, saved his bacon. It made the court feel faint to have a prisoner in who didn't talk back.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard*, Oct. 23rd.

Miss BETSEY CARR, of Claremont, N. H., a deaf-mute by birth, was 104 years old last December, and is said to be the oldest person in the State. Edward Welch, also a deaf-mute residing in Lynn, Mass., while traveling in New Hampshire, last summer, saw and conversed with her, and says she was pretty smart, considering her age. He failed, however, to get such particulars of the case as some would.

DEAF-MUTES TAUGHT TO SING.—An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that M. ROTA, a professor of music at Trieste, has succeeded in teaching a number of deaf-mutes to sing. A public exhibition was lately given in Paris, France, by these deaf-mutes, at which they not only sang in perfect time but preserved the pitch, which was conveyed to them by the teacher in some mysterious way. The high praise given the performance ought, probably, to be taken with an allowance of salt, for these things, apparently marvelous to the generality of people, dwindle to impostures or imperfect things, when examined into by practical men.

A GOOD WAY in which to do your friends a favor—Send them a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for one year.

Among the inmates of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is a young deaf-mute who was last year made totally blind by the small-pox. With the help of the sign-language, which he had learned, the instructors now teach him to read and write, communicating with him by touch; and his gratification is intense at his success in gaining ideas. It is almost such a case as that of Laura Bridgman.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 14th.

A deaf and dumb sailor was tried in a Quebec court last week for deserting his ship. He cross-questioned a deaf and dumb witness by signs, made an eloquent speech to the Court in the same language, and was acquitted in the ordinary vernacular.

Of the JOURNAL, Mr. MOSES SMITH, of Jonesville, N. Y., says: I noticed an article in your paper about a suspension of publication of the JOURNAL for one year, but that you had obviated the difficulty and were going to keep it running. That is right, don't give up the ship; yours is a valuable paper and is a power for good among the mutes, I am sure.

Mr. WILLIAM P. WRIGHT, a deaf-mute, of New Haven, brought to our office, on Monday, a Peach Blow potato weighing 1½ pounds. We presume he had heard that one of our employes has a great liking for "taters."

Cleanings from the Annals.

The writer, once entering his parlor, found pinned to the sofa a placard bearing the following words:

Sofa break no sit I make glue. To his mind, familiar from childhood with deaf-mutes and their peculiarities of expression, the meaning was instantly apparent. Not every one, however, would have understood that a deaf and dumb carpenter wished to notify applicants for seats as follows:

This sofa has been broken; don't sit upon it; I have just mended it with glue.—*E. M. Gallaudet on Deaf-mutism.*

Mr. James H. Logan, M. A., one of the first graduates of the National Deaf-mute College, and previously a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, has resigned his position as teacher in the Illinois Institution, to accept the principalship of the Pittsburgh Day School.

At the Ontario (Canada) Institution, a wooden building 70 by 26 feet in size has been erected, to be used as a gymnasium. It will be fitted up with a bowling-alley, ladders, horizontal bars, and all the necessary fittings of a gymnasium.

The Arkansas Institution has suffered so much embarrassment from insufficiency of funds, arising from the depreciation of the State money, that it was obliged to close the last term ten weeks earlier than usual, and has not yet been able to resume school operations.

The California Institution has received a legacy of one thousand dollars in gold. Mr. O. D. Cooke, late instructor of the High Glass of the New York Institution, and Mr. E. L. Chapin, of the National Deaf-mute College, have been added to the corps of instructors of the West Virginia Institution.

Mr. L. A. Kennedy and the assistant matron of the Iowa Institution, and the Institution steward and a young lady of Council Bluffs improved their vacation to get married. May they be happy.

Some years ago the Deaf-mute College at Washington was visited by a distinguished senator from one of the New England States. He was invited to address the students, and the President of

the College placed himself in readiness to translate his address into the language of the deaf and dumb, when, to the surprise of all, the facile fingers of the senator began to move, and the young men of the college had the rare pleasure of being spoken to by a senator without the need of an interpreter. Inquiry being made as to the occasion which led the senator to acquire the finger language, it appeared that in his boyhood he had a playmate who was deaf and dumb, for whose sake he had learned the manual alphabet. He added that he had often found the acquisition a source of great pleasure to him, since it had enabled him to meet deaf-mutes socially and give them pleasure.—*E. M. Gallaudet on Deaf-mutism.*

Who Fired Burgin's Glass House?

THREE LITTLE BOYS (ONE A DEAF-MUTE) HAVE A HEARING ON THE CHARGE.

This morning before Magistrate Carpenter, at the Central Police Station, there appeared, Cornelius Pearl, of 627 E. Thompson street, aged 11 years, Thomas Jones, a deaf and dumb boy, aged 10 years, of No. 819 E. Norris street, and Edwin Stiles, aged 11 years, of 508 Richmond street.

These boys were charged with being concerned in setting fire, either accidentally or purposely, to the glass works of Messrs. Burgin & Sons, at No. 525 Girard avenue, which were totally destroyed on Monday morning last, involving a loss of thousands of dollars.

Mr. Fred Bates, of No. 1415 Lima street, testified that he saw the boys in the hay loft, and that they came down, when the deaf and dumb boy gave a pipe to him, and said, "hoo, hoo, hoo," and pointed upward, and then to the pipe. The fire was discovered soon after.

Mr. James Mann and Mr. John Carr testified to seeing the boys there. Edwin Stiles, one of the defendants testified that he was up in the loft playing, and that he came down and went to school and did not know about the fire until after he had been in school.

Five Marshal James Thompson testified that the deaf and dumb boy had been examined, and that he laid the blame of the fire on Pearl, and that the latter said Jones set the place on fire.

The alderman held Pearl and Jones for court and discharged Stiles.—*Philadelphia Herald*, Oct. 6th.

Situation Wanted.

A Deaf-mute girl wants a situation as a chamber maid or waitress, or to do housework, and is willing to make herself useful; prefers to live in city or village. Recommendations can be given if required. Address the office of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The Orwell Murder.

A FRIGHTFUL AND COLD-BLOODED TRAGEDY.

The usually quiet people of Orwell were terribly excited yesterday, for their town was again disgraced by a foul murder.

In a small wood-colored house two and one fourth miles from Orwell Corners, on the road leading to Snow's Mills, the body of a slight, slender woman was found yesterday morning drenched in gore.

Soon after the discovery was made, the news spread with such rapidity that long before the sun had dissipated the morning mists over fifty people gathered from the sparsely settled country to view the body and talk of the murder.

The body, which was that of Mrs. Oscar N. Greenfield, was found in the bedroom, on the floor, face down, with the head and a portion of the shoulders under the bed, partly concealed by the valance.

Coroner Lawton, of Pulaski, was notified and was soon after at the scene of the murder. The body was removed to a lounge in the sitting-room or kitchen, and upon the arrival of Drs. Caldwell and A. S. Low, of Pulaski, the coroner impaled a jury and commenced an investigation.

The unfortunate woman had on at the time of her death a chemise and night gown, both of which were saturated with blood. The clothes showed plainly that the weak woman fought with desperation for her life, for the sleeves of the night gown were torn from the wristband nearly to the shoulder and the left one was tattered and in shreds. The bosom of the gown was torn and one button hole showed signs of the struggle, while the chemise was torn about the neck and was minus a piece on the left side and front.

The examination showed a contused wound over the left eye three-fourths of an inch in width, extending from the eyebrow and upward to within three-fourths of an inch to the scalp. There was no depression in the skull, but there was an effusion of blood in and about the wounds. On the neck were marks resembling the traces of finger nails, as though the throat had been clutched in a strong grip, while on the angle of the lower jaw, left side, was a small contused spot. The throat was cut one-half inch below the thyroid cartilage, the wound being triangular in form. The thrust, which was made with either a jack knife or a dirk, was a little to the right of the median line, thence backward under the sterno cleido mastoid muscles, (back part of the neck) wounding the muscle of the left hyoides region, severing the trachea, esophagus, left common carotid artery, pneumogastric nerve and internal jugular vein; thus causing almost instant death. The arteries, nerves and muscles on the right side are not wounded. The doctors say that when the pneumogastric nerve and jugular are both cut the patient lives but a few seconds, for the blood wells out in gushes. There is not a jet like that thrown from a small artery. Upon further ex-

amination it was found that the poor woman was five months advanced in pregnancy.

Among the witnesses examined at the inquest was Oscar N. Greenfield, husband of the murdered woman, who is now in jail at Pulaski charged with the horrible crime. He says he did not live in peace with his wife, owing to jealousy aroused in him by the stories of the neighbors. Wednesday he took the two living children his wife bore him to his father's, to guard them, as he had heard that his wife was going to elope with young Grinnell, a son of a neighbor, and a relative of Greenfield's. Wednesday night he watched the house from his father's, which is on the opposite side of the road and ten rods distant, until between three and four o'clock, when he claims that he saw a light move in his house, and an object moving in the yard. He went to Grinnell's to learn whether young Grinnell was at home or not, and finding he was, aroused the elder Grinnell, and the two went to Greenfield's. On arriving there Greenfield went to his barn, but found it locked, and saw no traces of any person. He remarked to Grinnell that there was no one around, and started off, but stopped when Grinnell said to him, "Go in and see if Alice is there." He entered, and although there was no light in the house, groped his way to the bedroom, where the matches were kept. On entering the bedroom his feet encountered something on the floor, and he said to Grinnell, "Here she is on the floor." After finding the matches and lighting one, he exclaimed (without having examined the body): "My God, she is dead!"

Grinnell stood directly behind him when he made the last remark, and says Greenfield neither stooped to examine the body, nor did he show any signs of grief or remorse. Richard Greenfield, father of the prisoner, was notified, and soon the whole neighborhood was aroused.

During the examination Grinnell was stolidly indifferent, said but little, and up to this writing has refrained from expressing an opinion. On the third shelf in the buttry was found a jack-knife, which he acknowledged belonged to him. It had blood on the handle and blade, but he claims not to know how it came there. He told the coroner that he used the knife Tuesday to extract a sliver from his hand, laid the knife on the table, and did not set it again until it was shown him at the inquest. On the kitchen floor was found a piece of pine board about 2½ feet long, 2½ inches wide, 1 inch thick, irregular in form, which was broken about 9 inches from the but-end. The broken piece was covered with hair and blood, and the hair corresponded with that of the murdered woman. Greenfield handled the knife and stick during the inquest; looked at the dead body of his wife, covered with blood; glanced at his marriage certificate, which hung in a frame over the dead woman's head; heard the indignant remarks of his neighbors, and appeared as unconcerned as though it were a dead pig lying before him.

Last night when our reporter was there, excitement was rife in the neighborhood, and it required the utmost exertion on the part of the few cool ones to keep the others from seizing Greenfield and giving him a dance in the air. He was brought to Pulaski this morning about 2 o'clock by constable S. P. Dillenbeck, of Pulaski, and lodged in jail.

Greenfield is a large muscular fellow, brutal in instincts, about 29 years old; was born in Orwell. His relatives are respectable people, and his father, who is a member of the Methodist church, is cast down by the trouble that has so suddenly come upon his house. He married the murdered woman, Alice Bloodgood, some five years ago, when she was fifteen years old, and by the union had three children, one of whom died some time ago. The first year they were married they had trouble, and he whipped her and she choked her many a time since. She threatened to leave him many times, and had told the neighbors that she would have to run away to escape his brutality. The fellow seems to have been consumed by jealousy, although it is not claimed by the neighbors that he had grounds for his passion.

The murdered woman was small and delicate, but fair looking and was fairly developed. Her father and mother are both dead, but a sister is living in Pekin, near Orwell.

There were no traces of blood on Greenfield's clothes when taken into custody, but underneath his finger nails were discolorations which looked very much like blood.

The body of the murdered woman is at the house of the elder Greenfield and the funeral will be from there.

The coroner's jury, Greenfield's neighbors, found that Mrs. Greenfield came to her death from injuries inflicted by her husband.

A murder in a city occasions considerable excitement, but nothing compared with that in the country. Last night there were a thousand stories afloat and people for miles around sat up and talked the greater portion of the night about the tragedy. Even in Pulaski, nine miles from the scene, people gathered in groups on the streets and in the hotels and stores, and canvassed the whole matter. As the prisoner did not arrive at Pulaski until very late, it was feared by many that he had overpowered his escort and escaped.—*One. Palladium*, Friday.

The Pulaski correspondent of the Utica Herald, says:

While the father of the suspected murderer bears a good name, his mother is credited with having been the cause of her son's jealousy of his wife. She is said to have goaded him on to maltreat his wife, and her action on Saturday seems to confirm these statements.

When it was proposed to have the funeral from her house she declared that no such thing could be done, and this declaration was not withdrawn until the neighbors threatened to pull the house down, if she persisted in the refusal.

The funeral took place to-day (Saturday), at 11 a. m. The attendance was very large, people coming to the scene of the murder out of sympathy and morbid curiosity combined. I found men and women with babes in their arms crowding into the hovel where the murder occurred. Little girls and boys were held up by their fathers and mothers so that they could look over my shoulders and get a peep at the bloody bed and pools of gore upon the floor. Rev. Mr. Crofoot, of the M. E. church, conducted the funeral exercises. After the sermon, the coffin was opened and placed outside of the house so that the crowd could view the remains. Here there was more evidence of that morbid curiosity on the part of women that has amazed me upon other occasions similar to this. Many of the women passed the coffin, stood some moments looking at the remains, passed away and took their places in line for two and three inspections of the victim. There seems to be something about the corpse of murdered victims that fascinates women and girls more than it does men and boys.

The face bore a lifelike expression and was undoubtedly handsome in life. The wounds on the forehead and neck were plainly visible.

I returned to Pulaski after the funeral, and through the courtesy of Jailer McCarty had an interview with Greenfield. At the call of the jailer he jumped from his bunk and came to the "diamond" of the cell door. He asked if Alice had a large funeral and inquired how his father was. "They buried her at Shattigue, I suppose," he said and looked as indifferent as if he was inquiring the price of cord wood. I told him my business and inquired if he had any statement to make to the public, to which he replied: "I don't know anything about it, I don't; I hope to die if I do!" Before he had completed the sentence, he left the door and jumped upon his bunk again. He used the same language and made the same movement when called upon by another correspondent. Jailer McCarty informs me that he has seemed perfectly unconcerned about the matter since his arrest. He has employed Councilor Huntington as legal adviser.

I am convinced that there is no question in regard to Greenfield's guilt. He was jealous of his wife without cause, and no one else had any motive for committing the crime. Hinder, mentioned by Greenfield, is a young man who possesses the confidence of his wife, and even if he intended to carry her away from her home to escape her husband's brutality, as was reported, no one can imagine that he had any reason for assaulting or killing her. No one knows where young Grinnell, mentioned in connection with Mrs. Greenfield's departure, has gone to. He left home some time ago. Greenfield's mother did not like her son's wife, and Alice never went to her house. But, when the old woman stood over the coffin, to-day, she wept copiously, rubbed her hands over the face of the corpse, and remained by its side for some time.

The immense Sales of HALE'S HONEY HOREHOUND AND TAR proves that the people consider it the only sure remedy for coughs and colds and all pulmonary diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Piko's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

An Interesting Event.

Miss Julia B. French, of this village, and Dr. George R. Metcalf, of New York city, were married by Rev. Jas. P. Stratton, at the residence of Geo. G. French, Esq., father of the bride, on Thursday evening, Oct. 21. It was an event much talked of in advance, both because of the wealth and social standing of the parties, and the interest felt in one who had grown up in our midst highly esteemed, and who would be greatly missed. The occasion was very pleasant indeed, all the arrangements and appointments being characterized by quiet elegance, and the festivities were participated in by a very large number of guests. Fine music was furnished by Schilling's band, of Oswego. The ceremony, witnessed by comparatively few (the larger number of guests being invited to the reception at a later hour), was beautiful and impressive, the responses distinct and hearty. The bride was attired in white lace with the conventional veil, buds and orange blossoms, and, it is needless to add, was very fair to look upon; her two bridesmaids, Miss Lillie Newton, of this village, and Miss Ella French, of Syracuse, also wore white with veils. The groomsmen were Dr. A. W. Knox, of New York, and Mr. Willard White, of Boston.

The presents received were many and valuable, including choice books, pictures, statuary, and many articles of use and beauty.

Dr. Metcalf and wife, with several friends, left town on their way to New York on Friday evening, and the two expect to sail for Europe in December. We tender them our heartiest congratulations. May the Atlantic bear them safely and gently, and may the waves on the stormier sea of life be stilled for them by Him who made Galilee a calm.

THE OSWEGO BURGOLARS.—Saturday afternoon Officer Mayne arrested John Sebastian, better known as "Buss" John, the second of the two young Uticans implicated in the burglary at Klock, Crouch & Begley's clothing store, Oswego, on the 15th inst. "Sandy" McGuire, arrested on Friday, was turned over to an officer from Oswego on Saturday. Mr. Crouch, of the above firm, was in Utica, Saturday, and went east the same evening for the purpose of identifying some of the stolen property found on a thief at Schenectady.—*Utica Herald*.

—Election next Tuesday.

—The Democrats for the 1st District have nominated D. H. Judson for Member of Assembly.

Centennial medals, coined abroad, are being sold in this country.

The New England States lost \$941,900 from fire during September.

An American girl won the gold medal at the recent examination at the College of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

The deposits of Maine savings banks increased last year \$1,495,439, and the number of depositors 5,401.

One million six hundred thousand dollars' worth of wood will be necessary according to the estimate of the builders, for the St. Gothard tunnel.

The aggregate length of the railroads in operation in Brazil is 836 miles, or about forty miles less than that of the Little State of Connecticut.

Rattlesnakes have been so numerous in the vicinity of Newbern, N. C., that many of the wheat fields were unreaped, from the dread of the poisonous reptiles.

An agent of the Russian Government is traveling in the South to make a study of cotton culture, which there is some idea of attempting to introduce into Turkestan.

There has been such an extensive destruction of the forests in Southern Russia, that the winters are now becoming colder every year, and the summers hotter, drier, and less fruitful.

France counts up 324 colleges, with 69,500 pupils, besides 657 private and 273 ecclesiastical institutions, with an aggregate of 77,000 students. Each bishop has at least one training school for priests.

Nearly 600,000 persons were employed during last year in and about the coal, fire clay, ironstone, and shale mine of Great Britain and Ireland, about four-fifths of whom were occupied under ground.

The Governor of Connecticut has appointed a commission of six prominent gentlemen to consider the expediency of using an "amended orthography" in publishing the official documents of the State.

The city of Boston has received a beautifully embellished grand diploma of honor awarded by the international jury at the Vienna Exposition for advancement in school instruction. No other cities were thus honored but Vienna and Berlin.

There are still upon the British pension list a number of persons who receive £32 per annum because their ancestors suffered by the Irish rebellion of 1798. A servant of King George III. receives £10; several dependencies of Queen Charlotte, £359; and of Queen Caroline, £60.

In Sparta, Tenn., a very old graveyard has been discovered with stone and terra cotta graves, in which human skeletons, twenty-six inches long, are still well preserved. In the prehistoric epoch a race of pigmies is supposed to have dwelt at this point.

The vital statistics compiled in France in 1871 showed that the average of life was 31 years and three months; it is now 39 years and eight months. The increase is owing to improved sanitary conditions of adult life, the great reduction of infant mortality, and the limitation of epidemic pestilences.

The trunk lines entering Chicago from the east, have adopted the following new passenger rates, which will go into effect November 1; To New York, \$22; to Boston, \$25; to Philadelphia, \$20; to Baltimore, \$19.50; to Albany and Troy, \$20.15; to Harrisburg, 19. This is an advance of about \$2 on old rates.

There has been a steady development of the iron industry in the South since the war. The Charleston, S. C., News says that specimens of southern iron which have been sent forward are classed by the prominent English manufacturers as "Best Best," while the highest grade of iron is only "Best Best Best," and it thinks that with charcoal costing six and seven cents and coke nine and ten cents, the South must furnish a very considerable part of the three million tons of iron made in the United States. There are eleven iron furnaces in North Carolina; twelve in Alabama, and a new one projected; five in Georgia and twenty-three in Tennessee, with another building.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M. Who needs no introduction to our readers. HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

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The Refuge.

BY MONTGARNIER.—(G. A. GAMAGE.)

[The following exquisite poem was written by the father of Mr. G. C. W. Gamage, of the New York Institution, many years ago, on placing his two infant children at the above Institution for the Deaf and Dumb:]

Come to these willing gates, Ye blighted blossoms of my early hope, Torn from your bleeding stem—unripe to die, Though spared to rev'rend age! no sorrow walls Within, to reach your lips her blackened cup— That e'er your hapless sire still vainly seeks to fly.

Come to these peaceful walls! As yet your little hands are warm in mine, And while on each, by turns, from swollen eyes A father's tear of gushing anguish falls; More light ye seem to tread; nor can divine, Divine 'mid halls so fair! why griefs mysterious rise.

Come to these silent shades! Here, sheltered safe from men, their woes and ways; The good and kind shall guide your infant years, Whilst gradual from your heart, the mentry fades Of the lone wretch, who, distant, counts his days— Days rife with vain regrets and traced with pilgrim tears.

Come to your living death! For, though your boon, yet my wrung bosom weeps Its down-trod flowers; and marvels why 'twas given, Mischance should chill ye with her midwifery breath, And press her marble fingers to your lips— Lips, howe'er I kiss, shall speak, alone, in Heaven.

Come! for more dead to me Is that fond, gentle form on whose soft breast My first love vows,—your early plaints were hushed,— Than yours, beneath this cloistered destiny: O'er Hope's pale leaves now let one ruin rest— Rest till my death-struck heart cares not to count them crushed.

Come! for we part anon; Strangers will shield ye from that frowning gloom; The world, whose withering turns I hence pur- sue, And haply, one day, shape your obsequies; But, when they tell ye how your sire hath flown, Not from himself, (Oh! would he could!) but you;

Say, will your thoughtful bosoms love him then— Then, though ye may not look to meet him 'neath the shades? Come! it were best forgot, What flattering visions soothed my soul's re- pose, When fondly dreaming what my boy would be; But let them pass—engorged by rav'nous fate A sigh created, and a tear can blot; While the lone heart, that yields to such decree, Turns, breaking hence, as these kind portals close,

Close on its joys outlived, and hopes annihilate! Come, then! for here, at least, No vials dread, of penitence and pain, From Folly's bitter streams, shall wait for you! No grave keeps ambush for love's dear caress, Nor slighted bliss send spectres to your feast! May your ripe day no morning errors rue; And, though your sire himself unblessed remain, Remain, for aye—for you, God, this last blessing bless!

Address of Moses Smith, Solo Trustee of School Dist. No. 9, Town of Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

READ IN SCHOOL MEETING, OCT. 12, 1875.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—Before severing my official relations with this school I desire to say a few words, and shall be brief and to the point. For two years past I have had the management of school affairs in this district. You all know what an appearance this school-room presented when I first took charge. You can all see for yourselves how it looks now. Commissioner Grose was pleased to observe that "outside of the Union Schools, it was now the finest and best arranged school-room in the county." Addison A. Keyes, editor of the Albany Express and ex-President of the Albany Board of Public Instruction said: "Its interior arrangements were admirable."

That the cost has been more than anticipated cannot be helped. We generally find a job of this kind on our private buildings to cost more than we expected. A good deal of the work has been done gratuitously. The new seats and desks were put together, the old ones taken out and much other work was done by volunteers and myself without charge. My own bill for work, if I had charged a fair price for all I did, would have been about double what it is leaving the material that I threw in out of the account altogether. The new furniture in this school-room will be something novel to those who have never seen it before, and it will, no doubt, be a funny experience to grown-up adults with corpulent bodies, in trying to crowd themselves into seats not intended for them. These seats were made expressly for school children, from the little toddler of four years old up to the largest-sized youth, and are comfortable and convenient for the different sizes of young folks who have most occasion to occupy them. In our school meetings all sizes may be comfortably seated, by the boys who come out of curiosity taking the small seats in front and the adults the large ones at the back of the room.

In this connection I desire to offer a few ideas on school management drawn from my own experience as a scholar in district schools, in schools for the deaf and dumb, and as the responsible head of this school for the past two years. Parents of small children often make the complaint that teachers neglect their children to attend to older scholars. This is generally a mistake, arising sometimes from a spirit of ill-will and capacious opposition to the teacher, but more often from not understanding the nature of a teacher's duties and the wants of the

children. Small children, say from six to eight years of age, sometimes up to ten and twelve years of age, usually have simply the rudiments of reading, spelling and mental arithmetic. It would be absurd to suppose that such would require as much time and labor from the teacher as a class advanced in the higher studies. The education of a child is like the education of a young colt. You often put the harness on and take it off the colt to get him used to it, then you hitch him to some light vehicle to get him used to pulling in the traces, and gradually educate him along until he becomes a full grown draught horse. What would you do for the first time, immediately hitches him to a heavy load he cannot start? You would say, fool! blockhead!! or that something was wrong in his upper story. As it is in the education of a colt, just so it is in the education of a child. The forcing and cramming processes must not be tried on a child any more than upon a colt. The colt will balk and be spoiled; the child will acquire a distaste for study which he will seldom, if ever, overcome. The proper way is to bring the child along by easy stages, just as you would the colt, and as he or she advances in age, and his or her studies increase in number and difficulty, he or she will necessarily require more of the teacher's time in instruction and recitations.

On the other hand, parents of older children sometimes say: "The teacher spends too much time with the small children, and does not pay proper attention to my boy, or girl." In a district school attended by all grades of pupils, no teacher can expect to please all the patrons of the school, and should he endeavor to do so he could not do justice to those placed under his charge.

A most prolific source of complaint arises from the neglect of parents to visit the school and see for themselves how things are managed; for many children, who dislike to go to school, will go home with a story, either wholly or in part manufactured, knowing that their parents will receive it with a ready ear and say, "Well, you may stay at home." The child seeing how well the trick has succeeded is in no wise loth to try it again on a larger scale and the parent thus unconsciously becomes the instrument of his child's moral ruin, for notwithstanding the old adage that "children and fools tell the truth," it is the bitter experience of many teachers that children will tell falsehoods to cover truancy and avoid going to school.

But by far the greatest detriment to the progress of children in their studies, is irregular attendance. The school registers of this district for several years past will bear me out in the assertion that only about one-third of those registered in any term have attended with any degree of regularity; the remaining two-thirds vary in their attendance from one to three days in a week. The mischief this works is very great. For instance, a boy comes on Monday, gets his lessons and recites well, but is not seen on Tuesday or Wednesday. In the meantime two principles have been committed to memory and recited by his class, and these two are the key to what follows. On Thursday he comes, takes his place in his class and finds himself behind and unable to get along, and because the teacher cannot spare time to go back and lift him through the two preceding lessons, the teacher is found fault with and condemned for neglect of "our boy." This is but a fair example of what happens at our common schools all over the country.

At the late University Convocation held at Albany, under the auspices of the Regents of the University, it was a common remark and complaint among instructors in our colleges, that more than one-half of the students sent to them had been imperfectly instructed in the common English branches, and "the fault was all laid at the door of our common schools," but it does not belong there. The real fault lies at the door of the parents themselves, for allowing their children to idle away the time when the doors of the school-room are open and inviting all to enter during every school day of the term.

Every one knows and expects a scholar to derive more benefit at a boarding school than at a school near home. It costs money to send our children to a boarding school and when we do send we expect the worth of our money, and we commonly get it, simply because the student is away from the influence of home and cannot have his own way. He is compelled to fall into the regular routine of school life, to get his lessons, and, except in case of sickness, to attend and recite regularly every day of the term; consequently the lessons he has gone over have been thoroughly learned.

It should be known that our district, in the number of scholars of school age and in the amount of public money it draws, is the largest in the town. There are over sixty scholars that should be in school, and in winter the number actually in school at one time is often from forty-five to fifty. These are divided into five or six different classes, then there are generally half a dozen, more or less, of young pupils whose lessons have each to be heard separately; the consequence is the whole time during school hours is so filled up that a green and inexperienced teacher is utterly unqualified to handle so large a school and do justice to the number under his charge.

I have sent children to common school for twelve years past and during all that time I have never complained of the teachers, or sought to quarrel with the trustees, and there have often been teachers employed I did not approve of, and trustees whom I did not like and whose course was often open to the sharpest criticism.

There have been causes operating during the last school term to produce disturbance both inside of the school and out of it. The outside causes have had their foundation in the long-standing enmity, hatred and malice of one man

towards the teacher I employed. Of the merits of the case between these two enemies it is not my province here to speak, except so far as it affected my official course as trustee and operated to the injury of the school. While under my charge, this was my school and I took pride in having everything go on prosperously. I have often stepped in and spent a good deal of time in watching the operations going on in the school-room, and in everything I have had but one object in view—to serve the best interests of the whole district and of each and every scholar attending school, allowing no man's malice or spite to influence me in the performance of the trust confided to me, as well as in always endeavoring to manage the financial affairs of the school with as much economy as if they were my own private expenditures.

The needs of this district are such that a teacher is required who is capable of giving instruction in algebra, analysis of language, grammar, rhetoric and natural philosophy, because there are many children who are advanced in common English studies, whose parents do not find it convenient to send them to a higher school on account of the expense. That Mr. Van Wie is fully capable of giving such instruction, is well known and can be vouched for by the present School Commissioner and his predecessor, the present State Superintendent of Public Instruction. I will only here remark that the wages I paid last term were but \$8.50 per week—as low as the wages of an inexperienced female teacher.

In consideration of all these things and of the outside causes before mentioned operating to produce mischief in the school, I determined long since to make sure of a competent teacher, not for my own children but for all the other children in the district, who cared to go to school to study and improve their minds, by anticipating and forestalling action by my successor. Accordingly I, on the 25th of last September, made a written contract with Andrew Van Wie to teach this district school for the present school year at the wages of \$10 per week for the winter term, and \$8.50 per week for the ensuing summer term.

I have seen and talked with the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and the School Commissioner, and my course is approved by these high school authorities, and its legality established by numerous precedents both at department headquarters at Albany and in the highest courts in the State.

If an unfriendly trustee is elected he cannot get around this contract and displace the teacher without good and sufficient cause, and then only on complaint to the School Commissioner, who will then cite both accusers and accused to appear before him and will hear the complaint and the defense, which in this case would show up not only the fault on the one side but the real animus of malicious malice on the other.

And now, with a thousand thanks for the support given, and the confidence reposed in me by a majority of the district and with my best wishes for the prosperity of this school, I shall be only too glad to transfer the books and accounts of the district to my successor, and assure him I shall not envy him, and that while he cannot hope to please all, he can by a straightforward course gain the approval of all candid, right-minded persons.

In conclusion, I wish to offer some extracts from the law in relation to teachers, and of the law of contracts, having a bearing on this case, which I will read from the books, so that no trustee can plead ignorance in any future action arising from the contract made by me.

Sunnyside Social Club.

ITS SECOND ANNUAL INVITATION BALL—DANCING AND MERRY-MAKING—THE GUESTS, ETC.

The members of the Sunnyside Social Club have never been guilty of neglecting their duty to the public. It was felt that justice to their numerous friends required a public celebration of the birthday of the club, which has received such generous support. The club is composed of deaf-mutes from Brooklyn and vicinity, and its second annual invitation ball was held at its rooms, No. 71 Skillman avenue, Brooklyn, on the 7th of October last.

The party began to assemble at an early hour, and were welcomed in the parlors by the floor manager and others, whose conscientious efforts to promote the comfort of their guests, received general recognition. The usual duty on hats and coats was remitted.

By a "mysterious sign," the guests began to form into an opening promenade. A brilliant procession fell into line, but we need not attempt to describe the scene, or the numerous beautiful costumes that filled the parlors, nor shall we attempt to give a full description of what followed, as the party did not break up until the broad light of the morning put in its appearance and paled away the glitter of the burning liquid, which shone through the night upon the mystic mazes of the dance. It was about three o'clock when the guests began to sweep around the well-proportioned rooms, and the writer was enabled to note the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Charles O'Brien, of Tarrytown; Mr. John Witschhof, the President of the Manhattan Literary Association, Mr. S. W. McClellan, Messrs. G. L. Reynolds, Edwin Hodgson, F. Klingman,—Hovenslein, E. A. Lawrence, Mr. Geo. Farley, the Secretary of the M. L. A., and his wife, Misses E. Elliott, R. Kelly, E. Terry, M. Elliott, Mrs. C. Bunce, Mrs. H. C. Wood, Mrs. H. Green, of Tarrytown, Mr. Henry C. Wood, Miss G. Finck, cousin of John Witschhof, and many others, with the officers and members of the club whose names are well known to your readers.

Dancing various orders and playing several games brought us to twelve. At

this time another procession fell into line, and the guests proceeded to an ante-room where a fine collation was partaken of, every guest doing ample justice. After this the guests returned to the parlors, and after half hour's rest, "tripping the fantastic too" and playing was resumed. The floor was under the management of Mr. W. A. Bond.

Your readers know enough how to enjoy a party or ball. A single fiddler was not needed as he could hardly be appreciated by a ball consisting of deaf-mutes.

The guests began to depart at an early hour, all showering their best wishes upon the Sunnyside Social Club.

CIVIL.

Brooklyn, Oct. 9, 1875.

The Central New York Institution.

For some time past workmen have been busy laying pipes and getting things straight for the introduction of city water into the buildings. In so doing they have turned quite a stretch of road upside down, and travel is directed to the space between the road and sidewalk. A couple of lamps have been placed in front of the buildings on each side of the street; and these are very convenient on all nights especially when the moon declines to give her light. In addition we have put down a nice crossing, and are, step by step, getting ourselves very comfortable outside. Fall has come in dead earnest and earlier than most of us think it should. The great stretch of foliage all over the city, after changing to its beautiful dying hues, is dropping to the ground and covering to the depth of several inches, a large part of all our streets and the neat little lawns in front of our residences. Our own premises, by natural dropping and provoking winds, had collected more than their share, and last Saturday half a dozen of our big boys amused themselves with rakes, brooms, wheelbarrows and forks, and in a few hours cleared every square inch of turf and walk, leaving nothing to tell the tale but a smoldering heap of ashes and charred remains in the centre of our little garden.

We were much gratified a week ago by a visit from Hon. Neil Gilmour, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The gentleman has been much interested in the Institution since its initiation, and to him we are indebted for many favors which we are only too glad to acknowledge. Mr. Gilmour is a most pleasant and entertaining gentleman, and can see a great deal without seeming to see anything; investigation with him appears a pleasure, and he carries it on leaving the impression of a disinterested but cordial visitor.

We expect our new building will be ready, in every respect, for occupancy this week. This done we shall be under full headway, and can find room for ten more pupils; at present we are keeping the number down to fifty-two.

Our first report will be out in a month or so, and we shall print an edition large enough to accommodate all the friends of the institution with copies.

We have had an addition to our force of officers, in the person of Mrs. Emma Halstead, of Watertown, New York. She arrived on Saturday, and assumed the duties of housekeeper.

We learn upon quite good authority, that a deaf-mute gentleman of New York city, has purchased or is about to purchase a farm of some fifty acres in Oneida county, at a place some twelve miles from here. We hope it is true. Real estate in the country is the thing, friends! C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., 25th Oct., 1875.

New York Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

Mid-autumn has come at last. The green leaves which but a month or two ago were so beautiful and fresh, have already become sere and yellow. The city pavements, as well as the country roads, are strewn with dead foliage, telling all too plainly that

"Summer joys are over, And flowers soon will bloom no more."

Everything in nature speaks of the near approach of old, hoary-headed Winter, with his cold days and chilly nights. Each season brings with it, its beauties and its pleasures. Who does not enjoy a good sleigh-ride over the hard, crisp snow on a bright winter day, when the horse-tops and the bare branches of the trees are covered with a mantle of pure white?

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Saliney, of East 49th street, came very near being robbed one night a few weeks ago. Fortunately the thieves did not succeed in escaping with their booty.

There are now five colored pupils at the New York Institution, three of whom are girls; bright and intelligent boys and girls they are.

Mr. J. E. M. Coffin, formerly of Charleston, S. C., and a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, has been spending the summer at Newport, R. I.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 3, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached his anniversary sermon to an unusually large attendance of deaf-mutes. Mrs. John Carlin was present—this was the first time she had been at church in a year. She is looking much improved in health, and her many friends are very glad to see her again.

In the evening Dr. G. preached at St. Andrew's Church, (Rev. Dr. Draper's), Harlem. Among the deaf-mutes present were Mr. Genet and son, Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, and Miss Mary Green, of Harlem, also Messrs. J. Lewis and W. O. Fitzgerald. St. Andrew's Church is a splendid edifice, situated on 127th St. and Fourth Avenue. His remarks were chiefly on the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

The proposed tableau for the benefit of the Home, which has been given up for the present, will probably be gotten up some time during the winter or spring.

The inmates of the Home went on a delightful excursion to Excelsior Grove, up the Hudson, on the 7th of last month, and spent an entire day there. All had a very pleasant time, both on board the barge and at the grove.

L. A. W.

Clifton, S. I., Oct. 17, 1875.

News of the Week.

Mr. Frederick Hudson, formerly managing editor of the New York Herald, was killed by a train of cars at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday.

M. Rouher made a speech at Ajaccio a few days ago in which he attacked M. Thiers and censured President McMahon.

The Erie bondholders in England have appointed a committee of consultation to prepare a plan for the reorganization of the company.

Mr. Wade, the British Minister, while negotiating at Peking, insisted upon the better observance of treaties by the Chinese, especially with regard to taxation of trade.

Three-quarters of the town of Iquique, Peru, has been burned.

The sinking of a shaft 100 metres deep will be begun this week, as the preliminary operations in the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel.

R. T. Davis, eldest son of the late Senator Garrett Davis, and one of the most prominent members of the Bourbon County Bar, was found dead in his bed on Thursday, at Paris, Ky. His death is supposed to have been caused by an overdose of chloral, which he had been in the habit of using as an anodyne for pain. Mr. Davis was President of the Northern Bank of Kentucky.

China has promised to send a mission to England bearing an apology for the Yunnan outrage.

A quarrel at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, occurred on Friday night, between Thomas H. Ferris and Edward Haggerty, both well known politicians, which ended in Haggerty's shooting Ferris, inflicting a serious wound. The altercation grew out of a discussion concerning the candidacy of John Morrissey and John Fox in the Fourth Senatorial District.

A firm in Manchester, England, has begun the importation of American calicoes.

The occasion of his completing his one hundredth trip across the Atlantic Ocean was celebrated, in New York, by many friends of Captain Kearney Thursday night by a dinner upon his vessel, the Germanic, of the White Star line. About one hundred guests were present.

Judge Neilson has consented to the application of District Attorney Britton and ordered the criminal indictments against Francis D. Moulton and Theodore Tilton to be quashed.

A fire at Freeport, Ill., last Thursday night, destroyed the Freeport watch factory. This establishment had been in operation six months, and several hundred watches were in process of completion.—Loss on building and stock \$150,000. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin.

Eight missionaries of the American board sailed from New York, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray, a recently married couple, were burned to death in Cheshire, Conn., Friday night.

There is in the United States Treasury \$368,119,917 to secure public deposits. The gold yield of next year is estimated at one hundred millions.

Moody and Sankey held their first revival meeting at Brooklyn, Sunday, 10,000 people being present.

Carruth, shot by Landis at Vineland, N. J., March 19, died Sunday.

Henry Gester, mother and child were drowned in the Schuylkill, near Manayunk, Sunday, by the overturning of a carriage.

Ten persons were seriously injured by a boiler explosion at Roaring Springs, Penn., Monday.

Sunday, all but two of a boat load of colored people were drowned in the Mississippi, near East St. Louis, by the capsizing of a boat.

The President has signed the commission of Judge Alexander S. Johnson, of Utica, to be circuit judge of the second judicial district, vice Judge Woodruff, deceased.

The balance of moneys covered into the United States Treasury for the fiscal year ending June, 1875, over and above expenditures is \$144,702,416.41.

The Cologne Gazette says the Crown Prince of Germany will visit the centennial.

Between the 14th and 22d, fifty-five persons have been lost off the eastern coast of Scotland.

Many survivors of the Light Brigade celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the charge at Balaklava, in London, Monday.

Withdrawals from Plymouth Church continue. At Friday night's meeting letters of dismissal were asked by Daniel Stavors, Thomas S. Waterman and Mrs. Ray.

—Mr. Horace Scripture, the Republican candidate for Superintendent of the Poor, has withdrawn his name from the canvass, and the County Committee meet to-day, (Wednesday), to fill the vacancy.

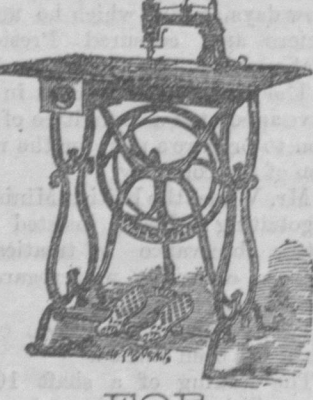
A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the night. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far.

My Vesper Song.
BY MARIE RADCLIFFE BUTLER.
Filled with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In this twilight hour I sit—
Sitting and sing my doubt away.
O'er my broken purposes,
Ere the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
"Let me to thy bosom fly,"
How the words my thoughts repeat;
To thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast;
Now I can but idly sing:
"Oh! receive my soul at last."
I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on;
In the shadow, Lord, I sing:
"Leave, oh! leave me not alone."
Through the shadows overpast,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing;
"Still support and comfort me."
"All my trust on thee is laid."
Does the rhythm of the song,
Softly falling on my heart,
Make its pulses firm and strong;
Or is thy perfect peace
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may sleep to-night
"Neath the shadow of thy wing?"
"Thou of life the fountain art."
If I slumber on thy breast,
If I sing myself to sleep—
Sleep and death alike are rest.
Through the shadows overpast,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."
Note by its silver bars,
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In thy kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I stretch my hands and cry:
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."
—N. Y. Independent.

Literary Notices.
SCRIBNER FOR NOVEMBER.—Bret
Harte's first novel, which has been ex-
pected with so much interest, is begun,
as a serial publication, in Scribner's
Monthly for November—(the beginning
of the eleventh volume of that magazine).
"Gabriel Conroy" is the title of the story,
of which seven chapters are here pub-
lished. The scene is in that Western
country with which Mr. Harte has made
the world familiar, and the few who
have read the entire story in advance
pronounce it a powerful book. The
series on American Colleges begins in
this number, with an article on
the old William and Mary College,
of Virginia, by the well-known Southern
writer, John Estlin Cooke. Eugene
Tompson publishes a chapter on "The
Curiosities of Longevity," illustrated
with pictures of celebrated "cases," an-
cient and modern. Another curious il-
lustrated paper is by Sophie B. Herrick
on "Glass Spunges," and "India and its
Native Princes" are also sketched with
pen and pencil. The following contribu-
tions should also be mentioned: "The
story of Anne Maternin," by Mrs. Oli-
phant; "Foreign Dramatists under Amer-
ican Laws," "The Old Germania Or-
chestra," "The Hotel of the Future," by
Gail Hamilton; "The Goethe House at
Frankfurt," and poems by Doyesen,
Louise Chandler Moulton, Sidney Lanier,
and others.
Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time,
writes about "The Magazine's New
Year," "The Political Outlook," "Mr.
Moody and his Work," and "American
Honesty." In the Old Cabinet "Senti-
mentality" is discussed. The other edi-
torial departments have their usual vari-
ety.
The publishers announce that Dr.
Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks" will be
concluded in December, and that Mr.
Hale's "Philip Nolan's Friends" will be
in the January number.
St. Nicholas for November.—St.
Nicholas begins its third volume
with a telling number—fresh, bright,
varied, healthy. It contains some twenty-
five interesting contributions; it gives
us articles from more than a dozen of the
best writers in the country. In the ex-
cellence and variety of its contents, as a
single number it could hardly be sur-
passed. From Mr. Brook's serial, "The
Boy Emigrants"—which is just begun
and promises an amazing store of adven-
ture—to the rhyme of "Little Dutch
Gretchen" with its quaint little picture,
it would be hard to find a single dull or
commonplace article. There are poems by
Mrs. Dodge, Lucy Larcom and Celia
Thaxter; stories by J. T. Trowbridge,
Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Cool-
idge, Abby S. Alger; and sketches by
Rebecca Harding Davis and Donald G.
Mitchell. Then, too, the talk about "Al-
ligators," the bit of botany in "How
Plants Grow from Seeds," the funny po-
ems of "Ten Little Country Boys" and
"The Reformer," with their illustrations,
and lastly, the paper on the collection of
Postage Stamps—all these will surely in-
terest any boy or girl who reads them;
while just as surely will the "Very Lit-
tle Folks" be delighted with Christina
G. Rossetti's "Alphabet from England"
with its rollicking pictures by H. L.
Stephens.
The artistic merit of the number is
equal to the literary. The illustrations
generally are very beautiful.

Facts and Fancies.
Always ready for a tale—the sugar
dealers.
A lofty position—the top of an edi-
torial staff.
Germany graduated 660 physicians
last year.
Why is making love like studying
law? Because it's making ready for court-
ing.
Either trouble or happiness borrowed
from the future is apt to prove fal-
lacious.
The boy who was kicked out of time
by a gun said he fired and fell back in
good order.
Artificial grindstones are being made
at Worms, Germany, of grit, soluble
glass, and petroleum.
"Sambo, dis am a magnificent day for
de race." "What race, Sambo?" "Why,
de colored race, you stupid Nigger."
For soldiers killed in the civil war
eighty-five thousand headstones have al-
ready been completed in West Rutland,
Vt.
John Wise, aged 14, a grandson of
Prof. Wise, made a successful balloon
ascension from Waynesburg, Pa., last
week.
When a musical programme contains
a number of very heavy pieces, is it any
wonder that it's hard work to carry it
out?
The trip of William I. to Milan pre-
sents the unheard of phenomenon of a
German Emperor crossing the Alps
without an army.
Lord Granville says that Mr. Glad-
stone has not only one of the finest voices
ever heard, but continues singing to the
present day.
"The hardest trial of my life," said
good old Deacon Barnes, "was to shed
tears at the news that my wife's uncle
had died and left her \$60,000."
A Portland man and his wife have
separated because they could not agree
about who should pay the funeral ex-
penses of a recently buried child.
A French widower says that when a
Frenchman loses his wife it is at first a
duty to cry over his loss and then it be-
comes a habit, and finally a pleasure.
A young lady asked a book-store clerk
the other day, if he had "Festus." "No,"
replied the clerk, "but I'm afraid a boil
is coming on the back of my neck."
Sewing has been taught in the public
schools of Boston for twenty-three years,
and it is just now discovered that it is
illegal to expend public money for that
purpose.
"What does 'Good Friday' mean?"
asked one schoolboy of another. "You
had better go home and read your 'Rob-
inson Crusoe,'" was the withering re-
ply.
A youth called at the West Alaba-
mian office one day, and after watch-
ing them set type awhile, said to one of
the types: "You use a heap o' four-
penny nails!"
Lying is trying to hide in a fog; if
you move about you are in danger of
bumping your head against the truth;
as soon as the fog blows up, you are
gone up anyhow.
A little German girl in a public school
in New York city was told to put the
word year in a sentence. After a mo-
ment's reflection she answered: "Last
year my sister was married; this year
she has a baby."
Miguel Cordova, a Spaniard in San
Francisco, has a thousand finger rings
from all quarters of the globe, represent-
ing every nation and age—the most val-
uable collection in the United States, if
not in the world.
"Pa, I guess our man Ralf is a good
Christian." "How so, my boy?" "Why,
Pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked
shall not live out half his days; and
Ralph says he has lived out ever since
he was a little boy."
Quilp says he likes to see the wo-
men stand up for their rights, especially
when seats are scarce in a horse-car.
A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.
A festival under the auspices of the Empire
State Deaf-mute Association, will be held
in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening
of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold
a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7
o'clock p. m., at which time it is hoped the high-
up will also be present. In that event an oppor-
tunity for confirmation will be offered to any
who may desire it. At the conclusion of the
church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to
Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments
of the festival which will extend through the
evening. An abundance of substantial refresh-
ments will be provided so that none shall lack.
Everything will be done to make this the "star
festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb.
The night will be passed in innocent and health-
ful amusements and games, and none, we hope,
will have occasion to regret being present. A
general invitation and hearty welcome are ex-
tended to all deaf-mutes both near and far.
NOTICE.—Whereas my wife, Mary
Cass, has left my bed and board without
just cause, all persons are hereby forbid-
den trusting her on my account as I shall
pay no debts of her contracting.—Dated
Palermo, this 18th day of October, 1875.
MOSES EDWIN CASS.

A New Idea!
A
WILSON
SHUTTLE
Sewing Machine

FOR
50 Dollars!!
FARMERS,
MERCHANTS,
MECHANICS,
AND
EVERYBODY
Buy the World-Renowned
WILSON
Shuttle Sewing Machine!
THE
BEST IN THE WORLD!
The Highest Premium was
awarded to it at
VIENNA;
Ohio State Fair;
Northern Ohio Fair;
Amer. Institute, N. Y.;
Cincinnati Exposition;
Indianapolis Exposition;
St. Louis Fair;
Louisiana State Fair;
Mississippi State Fair;
and Georgia State Fair;
FOR BEING THE
BEST SEWING MACHINES,
and doing the largest and best
range of work. All other
Machines in the Market
were in direct
COMPETITION!!
For Hemming, Fel-
ling, Stitching, Cording,
Binding, Braiding,
Embroidering, Quilt-
ing and Stitching fine
or heavy goods it is
unsurpassed.
Where we have no Agents
we will deliver a Machine
for the price named above,
at the nearest Rail Road
Station of Purchasers.
Needles for all Sewing Ma-
chines for Sale
Old Machines taken in Exchange.
Send for Circulars, Price
List, &c., and Copy of the
Wilson Reflector, one of the
best Periodicals of the day,
devoted to Sewing Ma-
chines, Fashions, General
News and Miscellany.
Agents Wanted
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E. M. ANDREWS,
General Agent for Oswego County,
163 Water Street OSWEGO, N. Y.
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Illustrated Catalogues
FOR 1875 OF
EVERYTHING
FOR THE
GARDEN!
(Seeds! Plants!)
Implement, Fertilizers, &c.
Numbering 175 pages and containing five
beautiful colored plates, mailed on receipt
of 50 cents.
Catalogues, without plates, free to all.
Peter Henderson & Co.,
35 Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,
is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the
blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,
weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it
permeates the whole body, and may burst out
in disease on any part of it. No organ is free
from its attacks, nor is there one which it may
not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously
caused by mercurial disease, low living, dis-
ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth
and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and,
above all, by the venereal infection. What-
ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-
stitution, descending "from parents to children
unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed,
it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I
will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon
their children."
Its effects commence by deposition from the
blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in
the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed
tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on
the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul cor-
ruption, which renders the blood, depresses
the energies of life, so that scrofulous consti-
tutions not only suffer from scrofulous com-
plaints, but they have far less power to with-
stand the attacks of other diseases; conse-
quently vast numbers perish by disorders
which, although not scrofulous in their nature,
are still rendered fatal by this taint in the
system. Most of the consumption which de-
cimates the human family has its origin directly
in this scrofulous contamination; and many
destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain,
and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or
are aggravated by the same cause.
One quarter of all our people are scrofulous;
their persons are invaded by this lurking in-
fection, and their health is undermined by it.
To cleanse it from the system we must renovate
the blood by an alternative medicine, and in-
vigorize it by healthy food and exercise.
Such a medicine we supply in
AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,
the most effectual remedy which the medical
skill of our times can devise for this every-
where prevailing and fatal malady. It is com-
bined from the most active remedies that have
been discovered for the expurgation of this foul
disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the
system from its destructive consequences.
Hence it should be employed for the cure of
not only Scrofula, but also those other affec-
tions which arise from it, such as Eruptions
and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE,
ROSE, OR ERYTHELMA, PIMPLES, PUSTULES,
BLOTCHES, BLAINS AND BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER
AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM,
RUBUMATISM, SYMPHYLITIC AND MERCURIAL
DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, DYSURIA, GOUT, and,
indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIA-
TED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief
in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth,
for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The
particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsapa-
rilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid,
without which sound health is impossible in
contaminated constitutions.
AYER'S
Ague Cure,
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF
Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague,
Chills, Periodical Headache, or Bilious
Headache, and all the various disorders
for the whole class of diseases origina-
ting in malarial contamination, caused by
the Malaria of Louisiana.
We are enabled here to offer the community a
remedy which, while it cures the above complaints
with certainty, is still perfectly harmless in any
quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts
where these afflictive disorders prevail. It is not
only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this
class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large
quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the
reach of every body, and in the vast majority of cases
FEVER AND AGUE prevails, every body should
have it and use it freely both for cure and protec-
tion. A great superiority of this remedy over any
other ever discovered for the speedy and certain
cure of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine
or mineral, consequently it produces no quinine
or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitu-
tion. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if
they had never had the disease.
Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of
the malarial poison. A great variety of disor-
ders arise from its irritation, among which are
Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blind-
ness, Toothache, Parotitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Pal-
pitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hypos-
pasia, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis and De-
viation of the Stomach, all of which, when
originating in this cause, put on the intermittent
type, or become periodical. This "Ague" cures
the poison from the blood, and consequently cures
them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to
immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily
residing in the malarial districts. It is also occa-
sionally or daily well exposed to the infection,
that will be excreted from the system, and cannot
accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into dis-
ease. Hence it is even more valuable than the
treatment cure, and few will ever suffer from In-
termittents if they avail themselves of the "Ague"
this remedy affords.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For the relief and
cure of all derange-
ments in the stom-
ach, liver, and bow-
els. They are a mild
and pleasant, an
excellent purgative,
being purely vege-
table, they contain
no mercury or min-
eral whatever. Much
serious sickness and
suffering is prevent-
ed by their timely
use; and every family should have them on hand
for their protection and relief, when required.
Long experience has proved them to be the
safest, surest, and best of all the PILLS with which
the market abounds. By their occasional use,
the blood is purified, the corruptions of the
system expelled, obstructions removed, and the
whole machinery of life restored to its healthy
activity. Internal organs which become clogged
and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and
stimulated into action. This important disease
is changed into health, the value of which change,
when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it,
can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating
makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their
virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so
that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable.
Although searching, they are mild, and operate
without disturbance to the constitution, or diet,
or occupation.
Full directions are given on the wrapper to
each box, how to use them as a Family Physic,
and for the following complaints, which they
cure:
For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Eructio-
ns, Rancor and Loss of Appetite, they
cleanse the stomach, restore its healthy tone and
action.
For Liver Complaints, and its various sym-
ptoms, Biliousness, Headache, Stiffness of
the Neck, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bil-
ious Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be
judiciously taken for each case, to correct the
diseased action or remove the obstructions which
cause it.
For Dysentery or Diarrhoea, but one
dill dose is generally required.
For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Pal-
pitation of the Heart, Pain in the
Side, Back and Loins, they should be con-
tinued, as required, to change the diseased
action of the system. With such change those
complaints disappear.
For Dropsy and Swelling, they
should be taken in large and frequent doses
to produce the effect of a drastic purge.
For Suppression, a large dose should be
taken, as it produces the desired effect by sym-
paty.
As a Dinner Pill, take one or two PILLS to
promote digestion and relieve the stomach.
An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and
bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the
system. Hence it is often advantageous where
no serious derangement exists. One who feels
tenderly well, often finds that a dose of these
Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their
cleansing and "revivifying effect on the digestive
apparatus."
REPAIRED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
A PAPER
FOR THE
DEAF & DUMB.
The Journal for 1875,
While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the
reader will receive the full benefit of them.
WILL BE MADE AS
DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER
THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AT ALL WILL
ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY
CHOOSE TO MAKE IT
CORRESPONDENCE.
We are always on the lookout for something new,
and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor
to have every Institution and School for the deaf
represented in our columns, and we invite corre-
spondence and contributions from every part of the
globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome,
and will be gratefully acknowledged.
FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.
OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of
HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.
Who needs no introduction to our readers.
HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT
WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

VINEGAR BITTERS
PURELY VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
DE WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS
Dr. J. Walker's California Vin-
egar Bitters are a purely Vegetable
preparation, made chiefly from the
native herbs found on the lower ranges of
the Sierra Nevada mountains of Califor-
nia, the medicinal properties of which
are extracted therefrom without the use
of Alcohol. The question is almost
daily asked, "What is the cause of the
unparalleled success of VINEGAR BIT-
TERS?" Our answer is, that they remove
the cause of disease, and the patient re-
covers his health. They are the great
blood purifier and a life-giving principle,
a perfect Renovator and Invigorator
of the system. Never before in the
history of the world has a medicine been
compounded, possessing the remarkable
qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the
sick of every disease man is heir to. They
are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic,
relieving Congestion or Inflammation of
the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious
Diseases.
The properties of DR. WALKER'S
VINEGAR BITTERS are, Aperient, Diaphoretic,
Carmine, Nutrients, Laxative, Diuretic,
Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Altera-
tive, and Anti-Bilious.
Grateful Thousands proclaim Vin-
egar BITTERS the most wonderful In-
guantant that ever sustained the sinking
system.
No Person can take these Bitters
according to directions, and remain long
unwell, provided their bones are not de-
stroyed by mineral poison or other
means, and vital organs wasted beyond
repair.
• Bilious, Remittent and Inter-
mittent Fevers, which are so pre-
valent in the valleys of our great rivers
throughout the United States, especially
those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri,
Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkan-
sas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande,
Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Ro-
anoke, James, and many others, with
their vast tributaries, throughout our
entire country during the Summer and
Autumn, and remarkably so during sea-
sons of unusual heat and dryness, are
invariably accompanied by extensive de-
rangements of the stomach and liver,
and other abdominal viscera. In their
treatment, a purgative, exerting a pow-
erful influence upon these various or-
gans, is essentially necessary. There is
no enanthic for the purpose equal to
Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS,
as they will speedily remove the dark-
colored viscid matter with which the
bowels are loaded, at the same time
stimulating the secretions of the liver,
and generally restoring the healthy
functions of the digestive organs.
Fortify the body against disease
by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR
BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold
of a system thus fore-armed.
• Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Head-
ache, Pain in the Stomach, Ring-
worm, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour
Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste
in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpi-
tation of the Heart, Inflammation of the
Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kid-
neys, and a hundred other painful sym-
ptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.
One bottle will prove a better guarantee
of its merits than a lengthy advertise-
ment.
• Scrofula, or King's Evil, White
swellings, Ulcers, Eruptions, Swelled Neck
(Goiter), Scrofulous Inflammations, Skin
Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Oil
Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sores, &c.
In these, as in all other constitutional dis-
eases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have
shown their great curative powers in the
most obstinate and intractable cases.
For Inflammatory and Chronic
Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent
and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of
the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder,
these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases
are caused by Vitiating Blood.
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons en-
gaged in Paints and Minerals, such as
Painters, Type-setters, Gun-makers, and
Miners, as they advance in life, are subject
to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard
against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VIN-
EGAR BITTERS occasionally.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tet-
ter, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Spots, Pimples,
Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-
worm, Scald-head, Sores, Erysipelas, Itch,
Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors
and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name
or nature, are literally dug up and carried
off the system in a short time by the use
of these Bitters.
Worms, Tape, and other Worms,
living in the system of so many thousands,
are effectually destroyed and removed. No
system of medicine, no vermifuges, no ap-
plications will free the system from worms
like these Bitters.
For Female Complaints, in young
or old, married or single, at the dawn of
menstruation, or the turn of life, these Tonic
Bitters display so decided an influence that
improvement is soon perceptible.
Cleanse the Vitiating Blood through-
out the system by the use of these Bitters.
Cleanse the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
cleanse it when you find it obstructed or
enlarged in the veins; cleanse it when it is
foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep
the blood pure, and the health of the system
will follow.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California,
and of Washington and Charleston Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.